

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 93

The CEO's Ex-Wife Is A Famous Doctor By LiLhyz Chapter 93

Chapter 93: The Plan

"Mrs. Shaw! I'm home!" Lucas happily announced as he entered the villa.

"I'm so happy to see you, Lucas!" Mrs. Shaw replied.

"Mommy and Daddy said we will live together now. Isn't it great?" Lucas cheerfully said.

While Lucas and Mrs. Shaw chatted, Evan whispered to Shantelle, "He looks better."

"Yes, his skin color is better," Shantelle agreed.

Evan took his family home to the villa. Since the plan was for them to have another child, they decided to live together. Shantelle also figured it was best for Lucas since the boy always asked for his father.

In the evening, Lucas' grandparents, from both sides, came for a visit. They had dinner together in the villa and spent time learning about Lucas' treatment plan. After confirming that Lucas responded to the essential treatments, Willaim said at the dinner table, "Trust in medicine. Trust in the science behind it."

"I know my grandson will be healthy. You eat well, my boy. I heard broccoli is also good for blood production," Erick Thompson said, glancing at Shantelle.

Shantelle smiled and acknowledged, "Yes, Uncle. Proteins are, but vegetables with proteins are better since they contain folate. And folate helps in the production of healthy red blood cells!"

"I'll eat broccoli!" Lucas declared.

"We can make grilled broccoli. Battered deep-fried broccoli with barbecue sauce," Evan suggested. Daddy is going to learn howto cook that!"

"Evan cooking? I'd like to see that!" Clara remarked, leaving the table laughing.

"Oh, he has been cooking. I've tried a few whenever he would cook for Lucas in the morning," Eleanor revealed. "I would say, Clara, Evan has changed so much."

"By the way, Lucas, grandma, and grandpa have gifts for you in the living room. Why don't you check them out with Mrs. Shaw," Clara suggested, and Lucas jumped for joy, running to the living room with Mrs. Shaw chasing after him.

When the adults were left behind the table, Erick asked Shantelle, "So, potentially, the plan is for Lucas to have a cord blood transplant. Is that better than a bone marrow transplant?"

"Yes, uncle," Shantelle confirmed. "Cord blood stem cells are superior to bone marrow stem cells in terms of risks of rejection, contamination, and infection. They also outperform bone marrow in their ability to replace damaged cells."

"That's why Doctor Patel called it an amazing medical waste because not all mothers will choose to save the cord blood after giving birth. It's just... thrown away," Shantelle added.

"We could spare a space at the heart and lung center for cord bank donations and maintain it for free. That will add to the reputation of our facility," William suggested, and everyone agreed.

"Shanty, I've always meant to ask. How much blood can be drawn out from an umbilical cord? Will that be enough for Lucas?" Evan sought.

"On average, about ninety to a hundred twenty milliliters of blood with potent stem cells can be extracted from an umbilical cord," Shantelle replied. "It may not be enough, but that small amount is very potent."

"With new advancement, however, there are ways to grow these stem cells in a marrow-like environment until it's ready for transplantation," William supplemented. "The Children's Hospital should have that kind of facility now."

"I see." Erick nodded after learning so much from both William and Shantelle. "I think we are good in this direction, then. Of course, we hope that Lucas doesn't have to, but in case, I'm glad that the end solution is to give me more grandkids. Haha!"

The reason for having another grandchild was not at all compelling, but it could not be helped. The Thompsons had always wanted more grandkids. They delighted with the possibility of taking care of new babies.

"We will support you in any way we can," Clara offered. "We can look after Lucas for some days, and you both can... you know, do it all day!" 4

Evan chuckled, whereas Shantelle turned bloody red. The Scotts, on the other hand, shook their heads.

William cleared his throat to divert everyone's attention and said, "Mind has power over our body. Our mindset can be our greatest healer. Let's all keep influencing Lucas with positivity. Keep him happy always. So I think it is a good idea to stay as a family. Lucas began tiring himself, always waiting for Evan, and we don't want him getting tired right now."

"That's true, and he is always looking for Evan," Eleanor admitted.

"Make the villa his haven – his secured environment," William suggested. He turned to his daughter and said, "Shanty, you know what to do."

"I do, Dad," Shantelle confirmed.

"I'll hire more help for the villa," Erick suggested. "We can have a nurse on standby while you are at work."

"Unless I am not feeling well, I'll come here every day," Eleanor swore.

Evan nodded, "Thank you, Aunt. Miguel will also be focusing on being Lucas ' constant companion."

"We will all get through this for Lucas because we love him. So don't think you are alone in this. You have us too," Clara reminded.

Shantelle wound up in tears hearing both Evan's and her parents' words of encouragement. She replied, "Thank you so much, Mom, Dad, Uncle, and Aunt. I feel much better knowing you are there for us."

"And, until when will you keep addressing Clara and me as Aunt and Uncle? Shanty, aren't we family? Call me Father Erick, like you used to," Erick proposed.

"And your Mother, Clara!" Clara offered.

Shantelle's face burned. She turned to Evan, and he was smiling from ear to ear. She said, "Okay, father Erick. Mother Clara. Thank you for always treating me like your own child."

"And you are. You will always be," Clara insisted.

In the evening, after putting Lucas to bed, Evan and Shantelle covered their plans for the next few days.

Shantelle was holding her phone, marking her calendar. While sitting on the bed, she said, "So I stopped taking pills today. I'll bleed tomorrow or the next day. We have a few days before ovulation kicks in. So we can go back to work this week, but you need to spare time on Friday to meet a fertility doctor. I want those medications to have more than one egg."

"Mmmm," Evan acknowledged. "Is that how you end up with fraternal twins?"

"Yes," Shantelle said. She returned to her phone calendar and said, "So after two weeks, we can do it every day – have lots of sex."

Because of the way Shantelle was describing things, Evan laughed thoroughly. His wifey wound up getting angry that she smacked his arm repeatedly. She asked, "Why are you laughing?!"

"Because, the way you are planning things, you are making it all too complicated," Evan pulled her into his lap. He hugged her tightly and kissed her arm, saying, "While we want to give Lucas a sibling, let's not forget the reason why we make love – it's to enjoy our time together and express our love for each other--"

"Did I say I would not enjoy it? I'd say it's hitting two birds with one stone. It's a stress reliever and the answer to our prayers," Shantelle remarked, raising a brow at Evan.

Then she smirked and climbed on top of him. She suggested, "Speaking of which, I was so stressed the past few days, I could use a stress reliever."

Evan lay on his back. He smirked and watched Shantelle's beautiful figure that was merely covered in thin silk. He asked, "What did you have in mind, Wifey?"

Shantelle did not say anything. She moved forward and flaunted her naked peach in front of his face.

A hiss left Evan's lips, realizing Shantelle wasn't wearing any underwear. He licked his lips as she slowly lowered her hips, and his mouth came in contact with her core.